Vol. V. Numb. 34.

THE OBSERVATOR.

of the Duke D' Anjou's *Stealing the Jewels of the* Spaniſh *Crown. Of his Return to* France. *Of an Inſurrection in ſeveral of the* French *Provinces. Of the great Influence the Duke of* Marlborough's Victory *has all over* Europe. *Of the Players Acting at the Theatre in* Dorſet-Garden, *with Remarks thereon.*

From Wednesday July the 10th, to Saturday July the 13th, 1706.

Obſ. WELL, my Honeſt *Country-man*, haſt any more *Victories?* Is any Body elſe *Bewitch'd?*

Country-m. I am as full of Victories as an Egg s of Meat; I am ſtuff't up with 'em. Bewitch'd Maſter! Aye, the Witchery runs on like Wild-Fire; General upon General, Town upon Town Bewitch'd. But, Maſter, we muſt not depend upon their ſay ſo, they are no more Bewitch'd than you or I. 'Tis a Knaviſh *Sham*, a Cunning *Excuſe* for their *Cowardice:* They are very Cunning and Knaviſh when they are Bewitch'd, I am ſure of that. I'll tell you a Story that came by the laſt Poſt, and then Judge you whether they ben't ſo or no.

Before K. *Charles* III. enter'd *Madrid*, the *Spaniſh Perkin* made haſte to be gone; for you know, Sir, 'tis not convenient to have two Kings in a Kingdom, much more inconvenient is it to have two Kings in one Town. And therefore before *Anjou* rub'd off, he ſtole the Jewels of the *Spaniſh* Crown, and carried them along with him; but he promiſed the Fooliſh *Spaniards*, that he would only Pawn them for Money to carry on the War againſt the Lord knows who, the Lord knows where, and would bring 'em again the Lord knows when.

Yes, Sir, and Madam *Anjou*, forſooth, ſhe ſtole a Power of Trinkets, the Virgin *Mary*'s Thimble, Bodkin and Buſk, all ſhe could lay her Hands upon. The *French* fancy themſelves the *Iſraelites* of this Age, and all the reſt of Mankind *Ægyptians*, and that 'tis Lawful for 'em to *Steal* their Goods to ſubſiſt 'em in the *Wilderneſs*, whether they are all going, if I am not miſtaken.

Now, Maſter, if there were no Cunninger People in the World than your Country-man *Roger*, I would never make an End of this War, till ſuch time as we had got the Jewels of the *French* Crown by way of Reprizal for thoſe of the *Spaniſh* Crown.

Obſ. You may remember, *Roger*, that I told you at that Juncture when the Duke *D' Anjou* firſt ſet Footing in *Spain*, that he would Repatriate in a ſhort time; the time is now come, he has pack'd up his Awls, made up his Fardel, and is upon his March Homewards e'er now; he pretends indeed to joyn the Duke of *Berwick* with a Rabble of Ragged *Spaniards* he calls *Soldiers*; but theſe are but the Life-Guard to the *Royal Fugitive*, and will dye on the Road like *Thruſhes* and *Robin-Red-Breaſts* in a hard Winter, he'll never Fight I'll warrant thee.

Country-m. He Fight, he ———, a Nurſe for the *Kingly Cub* to turn him dry; a *Rattle* inſtead of a *Scepter*, a *Slabbering-Bib* and a *Muckender* inſtead of *Royal Robes*; let him go to the Royal Hoſpital at St. *Germains*, among the Bankrout Princes, and keep Company with his Brother the *Welſh Perkin*. I'll warrant it when *Lewis* Founded that Hoſpital, he little thought that his own Grand-Children ſhould partake of that Charity, eſpecially in his own Life time.

But, Maſter, here's Brave News come from *France*; here 'tis on the *Poſt-Man*; *The many Diſgraces our Forces have received, have occaſioned frequent Mutinies in* Burgundy, Champaign, Guienne, Languedoc, Xaintogno, *&c.* the *Boors* (that's ſuch Fellows as I, Maſter) have got together and have Plundered the *Granaries* of Salt in ſeveral Places, and refuſe to Pay Taxes; and the Governours and Intendants being afraid that the Militia will joyn with them, have not thought fit to make uſe of them to Suppreſs this Rebellion, but have writ to Court for Aſſiſtance.

And they may write again, and again, before Aſſiſtance will come; whence ſhould it come? All the *French* Kings Forces are *Kill'd* or *Bewitch'd*; no; good Honeſt *Boors* go on and Proſper, you are ſafe enough, no Body will hurt you; don't Pay one Penny of Taxes, not a *Sous*, my Dear Hearts: Tell the Tax-Gatherers that you'll Pay the Money to the Queen of *England* as ſoon as Her *Receiver-General*, the Earl of *Rivers*, ſhall come. Go on Boys and Proſper, the time is coming, 'tis juſt come, when you ſhall live as well as *Engliſhmen*, Eat good *Beef* and *Pudding*, and Drink good *October*; you ſhall have your *Ancient Liberties*, and ſhan't be Hang'd for ſaving a little Salt for the uſe of your Families. Come, Maſter, one Bumper to the Succeſs of the Honeſt *Boors* that are going to be Reveng'd on their *Tyrant*.

Obſ. I'll Pledge thee heartily, but I wiſh they han't ſhown themſelves too ſoon. Men under the laſh of *Arbitrary Power* are often too Vigorous in the purſuit of *Liberty*; too ſpeedy in Queſt of *Freedom*. This was the Caſe of the D. of *Monmouth* and his Party; they were for putting a ſtop to the firſt approaches of *Tyranny*, for killing *Arbitrary Power* in the very Embrio, and that made 'em fail in their Enterprize, beginning before the Major part of the Nation were ſenſible of their Danger. I hope this will not be the Fate of thoſe now in Arms againſt the *French* Tyrant, nor is this Caſe the ſame in all Points: The whole People of *France*, for many Years, have been perfect Slaves, their Legs are gall'd with Chains and Fetters. their Shoulders ſtoop beneath the Burden, and they have mighty Powers to back 'em, ſince the Notion of *Rebellion in Defence of Liberty*, is Dead with the Power of ſome Body.

But here, *Country-man*, we may Obſerve what an Influence this *Run of Victory* has had every where;

where; how far it has extended it ſelf; with what Confuſion it has overſpread the *French* Territories; and how it has baulk'd their Affairs every where. As ſoon as General *Tozalba* heard of it, he deſerted with his Army to Prince *Eugene*; as ſoon as the *Grandees* of *Spain* had Knowledge of it, they look'd aſkew upon their *French* King, and carried themſelves with ſuch an Indifferency, that he thought fit to be gone. And who knows but as it has baulk'd the Courage of the *French*, ſo it may animate the *Portugueſe* to ſhow the World that their Swords will draw from their Scabbards, and that their Infantry know how to fire a Muſket or Fuzee.

Indeed, *Roger*, the *Effect* of the Duke of *Marlborough's Victory* is more than the *Victory* it ſelf; that was but the Action of one Day, one Sound from the Trumpet of *Fame*; but the *Effect* of it moves as it were in a Circle, and never Terminates: That great Thunder-Clap of War at *RAMELLY* is lengthen'd, as it were by an Eccho, to diſtant Countries; and the very ſound makes its Inhabitants Tremble, ſhrug up their Shoulders, and ſubmit to *Deſtiny*. But this Mutiny of the *French* Kings Subjects is the *beſt Effect* it could have, and I heartily wiſh it comes confirm'd; for their doing this of themſelves, is a happy Omen of what they will do when ever they ſhall have Succours and Supports from the Confederates. —— What more News, *Roger?*

Country-m. We'll talk no more of Foreign News at preſent, but a little of Home News. We muſt mind that too; tho' the 'tother be of *great* Conſequence, yet this is o *greater* to us. When we are pulling down the *French* King every where Abroad, to have *his Friends* in the Commiſſions of the Peace, that's one thing I don't like, nor do I like having Commiſſions of Bankrout Executed by Soldiers, as *Hucks* the Brewer did in the *Mint*, that's Slavery I think to have the *Military Power* above the *Civil*. I don't like to have poor Taylors ſent for Soldiers only becauſe they leap'd over a Gate: There are many things I don't like which I hope to ſee mended; and which I believe are not mended, becauſe right Application is not made to thoſe that have a Power ſo to do.

But certainly, Maſter, to have *Vice* and *Irreligion* flouriſh under the *Calamity* of *War* is an amazing thing: War is a *Judgment*, and when the Judgments of God are upon the Earth, the People ought to learn *Righteouſneſs*, not *Wickedneſs*; eſpecially when God, contrary to our Deſerts, has given us ſuch great Succeſs: I was heartily griev'd when I heard at *London*, that the *Devils-Chappel* in *Dorſet-Garden* was refitted, and that the *Devils-Chaplains*, the *Players*, had there opened their Scenes of Lewdneſs. We have now no leſs than three of thoſe Tabernacles of Wickedneſs. Good God! Where is the *Religion*, the *Vertue*, the *Piety*, the *Honour*, the *Honeſty* of our Anceſtors?

Obſ. One ſuch Houſe of Lewdneſs is enough to taint a whole Kingdom. I could wiſh the Nobility and Gentry, who have been drawn in as Founders of theſe *Houſes of Sin*, inſtead of Reading *Plays*, would Read that Excellent Book of Mr. *Colliers* againſt the *Prophaneſs* and *Immorality* of the Stage; and ſeriouſly to conſider, whether the People that Judge by *Reaſon*, or have any *Fear of God before their Eyes*, can believe 'em fit for Stateſmen, or to Counſel and Adviſe a *Proteſtant Religious* Queen.

Noſcitur Socio, ſhow me the Company, I'll ſhow thee the Man. One would think it beneath *any Quality*, eſpecially ſuch as pretend to be *Proteſtants*, to Aſſociate with ſuch *Infamous* People as *Players*, who were *Villains* by the Statute-Law of *Rome*, and are no otherwiſe by the Laws of *England*: That ever the *Virtue* of *Heathen Rome* ſhould riſe in Judgment againſt *Chriſtian England*: *Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!* How are the Times and the Manners of Men chang'd from what they were? *Proteſtant Quality* Building Chappels for the *Devil*, and *Players* Re-edifying Chappels for the Service of *God Almighty*; monſtrous Change!

I would not have our *Drammatick Quality* angry with me: I now ſpeak in the *Bitterneſs of my Spirit*; and were I a *Heathen* I could ſay no leſs; Moral Virtue it ſelf would teach 'em better things. Were there nothing of *Religion* in the Caſe, it proves 'em to be Men of weak Capacities, that can entertain their Minds with empty *Plays*, *Farces* and *Interludes*. They muſt not think that their Quality can ſet them above the Cenſure of the People; it may ſtop their Mouths, but it can't ſtop the Torrent of Thought, and Inward Reflection.

In all Humble Submiſſion ſuffer me to accoſt you the Quality of the *Dramma*; can we ever think the *Government*, the *Religion*, the *Liberties* of *England* ſafe under the *Guardianſhip* of thoſe that are pleas'd with nothing but *Vanities*, who read *Plays* inſtead of *Ariſtotle* and *Machivel*, and lay the Foundations of *Theatres* inſtead of *Schools of Virtue?* Can we help Laughing and Weeping the ſame time, to ſee a *Secretary* retiring from the Great Affairs of *State* to an *Alcove* with *Donna Margaritta de la Pen*, and *Pegg Thorn*, to hear her Sing *Colly my Cow*, *and Uptails* &c. Bleſs me! Gentlemen, what would you have us think of you?

To ſee the Quality of the *Dramma* at vaſt Charge in the Funeral of Mr. *Dryden*, a *Good Poet*, but a *Wicked Playwright*, a *Profeſs'd Enemy* to the *Religion* and *Liberties* of *England*, following him to his Interment in their Coaches and Six; and when the Reverend Mr. *Samuel Johnſon*, the *Beſt of Men*, the *Greateſt Defender* of *Engliſh Liberty*, and to whom we owe a vaſt ſhare of the *Revolution*; I ſay, when this Great Man dy'd, you were not at one Penny Charge, not one of your Coaches attended at his Funeral, when the *Greateſt Man* in *Europe* was laid in the Duſt. Can you, Gentlemen, help Bluſhing at the Recital of theſe Things?

But, *Roger*, 'tis a great piece of *Impudence* in the Players to act in *Dorſet-Garden*, when 'tis not long ago that *Play-Houſe* was preſented by the *Grand Jury*, at the *Old-Baily*, and 'tis in the Power of the Magiſtracy of the City of *London* to Proſecute that *Neſt of Sin*; and I hope it will ſince its chief Magiſtrate, the *Lord Mayor*, is a Chriſtian, and has Publiſhed his Order againſt *Plays*, *Interludes*, *Farces*, &c. at *Bartholomew-Fair*, which I'll ſhow you the next time we meet.

Country-m. Then, Maſter, here's a Good Health to the *Lord Mayor* of the City of *London*.

Advertiſements.

FEmale Grievances Debated, in ſix Dialogues between two Young Ladies concerning LOVE and MARRIAGE, viz. 1. Proving that Women, as well as Men, are inclin'd to LOVE, and equally deſirous of Propagating their kind. 2. Shewing what LOVE is; its Sorts and Power, and the difference between LOVE and LUST. 3. How to diſcern whether a Man or Woman be in LOVE. 4. Directions for Young Ladies Prudent Managing their Affairs of LOVE. 5. Of MARRIAGE: That it is the Duty of every Perſon to Marry, unleſs there be a Lawful Impediment. 6. The Unreaſonableneſs and Injuſtice of Marrying for MONEY, and the great Misfortunes that frequently attend ſuch as do. To which are added, Propoſals for an Act to Enforce Marriage, and for Taxing ſuch Batchelors as refuſe to Marry. With the Danger of *Celibacy* to a Nation. Written by the Author of the *London Spy*. Price 1s.

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THE beſt Coſmetic. It will certainly and ſpeedily Cure any *Pimples*, *Redneſs* or *Inflamation* in the Face, or any other part of the Body, not by repelling and returning the Humour, as is done by many Medicines, to the great Injury of the Patient; but by Attenuating the Humours, opening the Pores, and cauſing a free Perſpiration. And whereas that part of the Face where this Humour lodges does never or very rarely Sweat, tho' all the Body elſe do, you will find that after a little uſe of this Unguent it will Sweat as much if not more than any other part, and thus it only aſſiſts Nature in the Diſcharge of its Office, it being the Quantity and Stubbornneſs of the Humour, and Straitneſs of the Pores that are the only cauſe of this Diſtemper. You are only to anoint your Face, rubbing it well, when you go to Bed, and to waſh it off when you Riſe, with faſting Spittle, a little Sack, or what you pleaſe: But you muſt have a care that none of it get into your Eyes, becauſe every thing that is Unctious is very diſturbing to them and will make them ſmart, but that is all the Injury this will do. Price 2*s.* 6*d.* a Pot. Sold by *S. Clark*, in *Birchin-Lane*.

THeſe are to give Notice, That Mary Kirleus, Widow of *John Kirleus*, Son of Dr. *Thomas Kirleus*, a Collegiate Phyſician of *London*, and Sworn Phyſician in Ordinary to King *Charles* II. is the only Perſon that Sells (exactly prepared) his Famous Drink and Pill, which is Eminently Experienced to Cure all Ulcers, Sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Scurvies, Leproſies, Veneral and *French* Diſeaſe, Running of the Reins, and all ſuch Malignities, tho' never ſo Inveterate, in all Conſtitutions, at all Seaſons of the Year, hindring no Buſineſs, without Fluxing, or the uſe of *Mercury*, which is generally Deſtructive. Theſe Medicines are Truly and Faithfully prepared, as directed by her Husband, and as made and delivered to his Patients by her in his Life time (they being the only Perſons then that Sold it, and to whom the Secret was ever imparted. Therefore beware of ſeveral late Ignorant Pretenders, for ſhe perfectly knows the Doctors Methods of Curing, which ſhe Practices with great Succeſs, as has been ſeveral times mentioned in the Gazette, particularly the Eleventh of *April* laſt. She Cures many after Fluxing, Compaſſionates the Diſtreſſed, and deals with all Perſons according to their Abilities. The Drink is 3*s.* the Quart, the Pill 1*s.* the Box, with Directions. She gives Advice Gratis to all that write, or come to her.

*She is Removed from the *Glaſs-Lanthorn* in *Plough-Yard*, to the *Golden-Ball*, in *Hand-Court*, over-againſt Great Turn Stile, in *Holbourn*.

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